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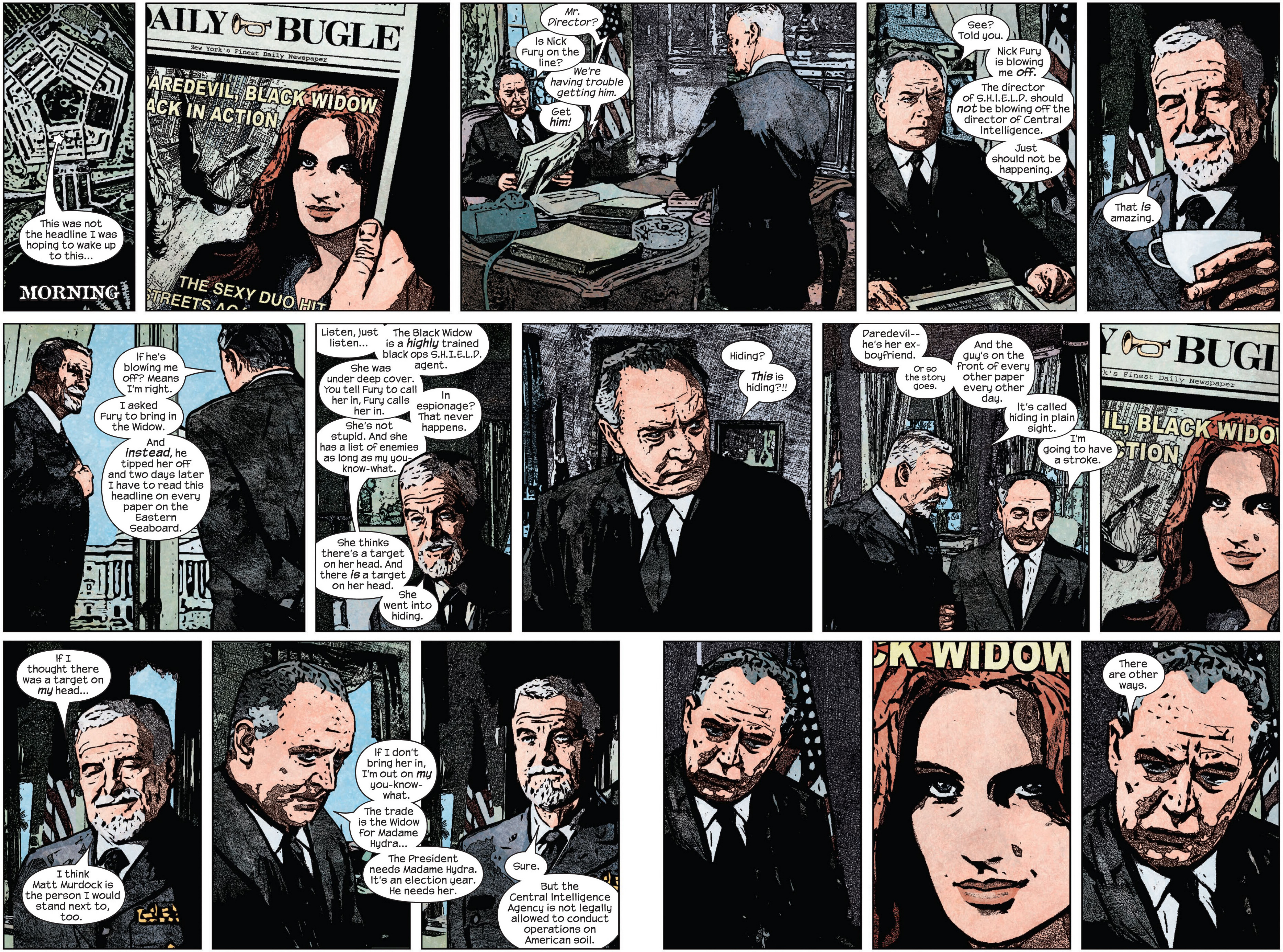

This was not the headline I was hoping to wake up to...
MORNING
AILY BUGLE
New York's Finest Daily Newspaper
AREDEVIL, BLACK WIDOW
ACK IN ACTION
THE SEXY DUO HIT
STREETS AG
Mr. Director?
Is Nick Fury on the line?
We're having trouble getting him.
Get *him!*
See? Told you.
Nick Fury is blowing me *off.*
The director of S.H.I.E.L.D. should *not* be blowing off the director of Central Intelligence.
Just should not be happening.
That *is* amazing.
If he's blowing me off? Means I'm right.
I asked Fury to bring in the Widow.
And *instead*, he tipped her off and two days later I have to read this headline on every paper on the Eastern Seaboard.
Listen, just listen...
The Black Widow is a *highly* trained black ops S.H.I.E.L.D. agent.
She was under deep cover. You tell Fury to call her in, Fury calls her in.
In espionage? That never happens.
She's not stupid. And she has a list of enemies as long as my you-know-what.
She thinks there's a target on her head. And there *is* a target on her head.
She went into hiding.
Hiding?
This is hiding?!!
Daredevil--he's her ex-boyfriend.
Or so the story goes.
And the guy's on the front of every other paper every other day.
It's called hiding in plain sight.
I'm going to have a stroke.
Y BUG
k's Finest Daily Newspaper
IL, BLACK WIDO
CTION
If I thought there was a target on *my* head...
I think Matt Murdock is the person I would stand next to, too.
If I don't bring her in, I'm out on *my* you-know-what.
The trade is the Widow for Madame Hydra...
The President needs Madame Hydra. It's an election year. He needs her.
Sure.
But the Central Intelligence Agency is not legally allowed to conduct operations on American soil.
CK WIDOW
There are other ways.

Last night.
North Shore Pier
BUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA
I saw you, you %@%@% $%#$%#% @%@!!
BUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA
Come on!!
I saw you!!
$%$% $%#%!!
Piece of #$!@$!!
BUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA
I SAW YOU!!
Do you think he saw us?
BUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA

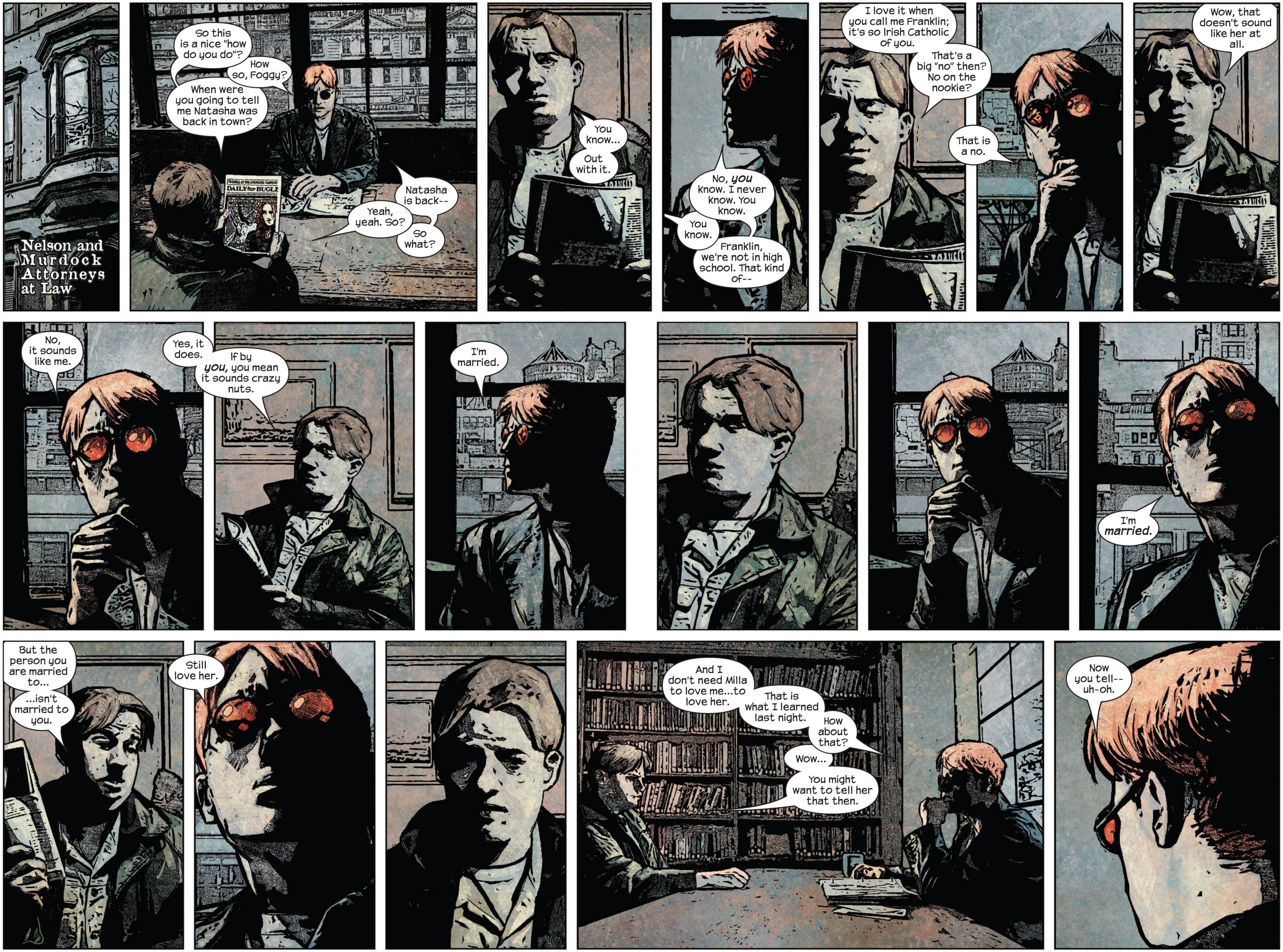
You ready to be Black Widow?
Totally.
Where's your friend from the *Daily Bugle?*
He's across the street behind a car. Why?
Just making sure he's safe.
BUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA
You remember that one-two move we pulled on what's-his-face that time?
That move's so old it's got whiskers.
What does that mean?
It's a saying.
Let's just do it.
I got a splinter.

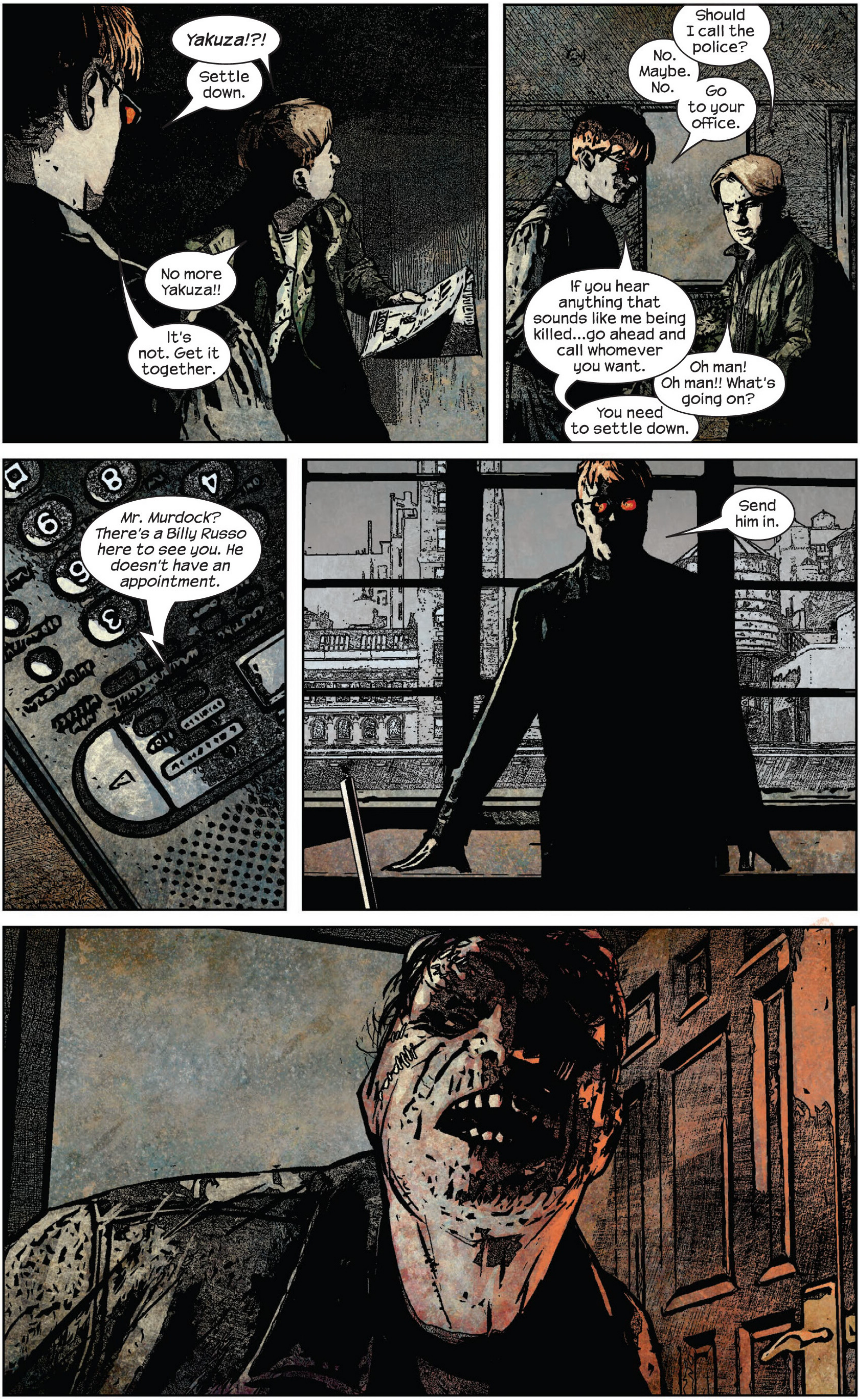
Whoo!!
What?
Just remembering...
Yeah?
Remember that time we tussled with that loser, Stilt Man?
Yes.
Afterwards was the best part.
Better than beating up a guy named Stilt Man?
Yes.

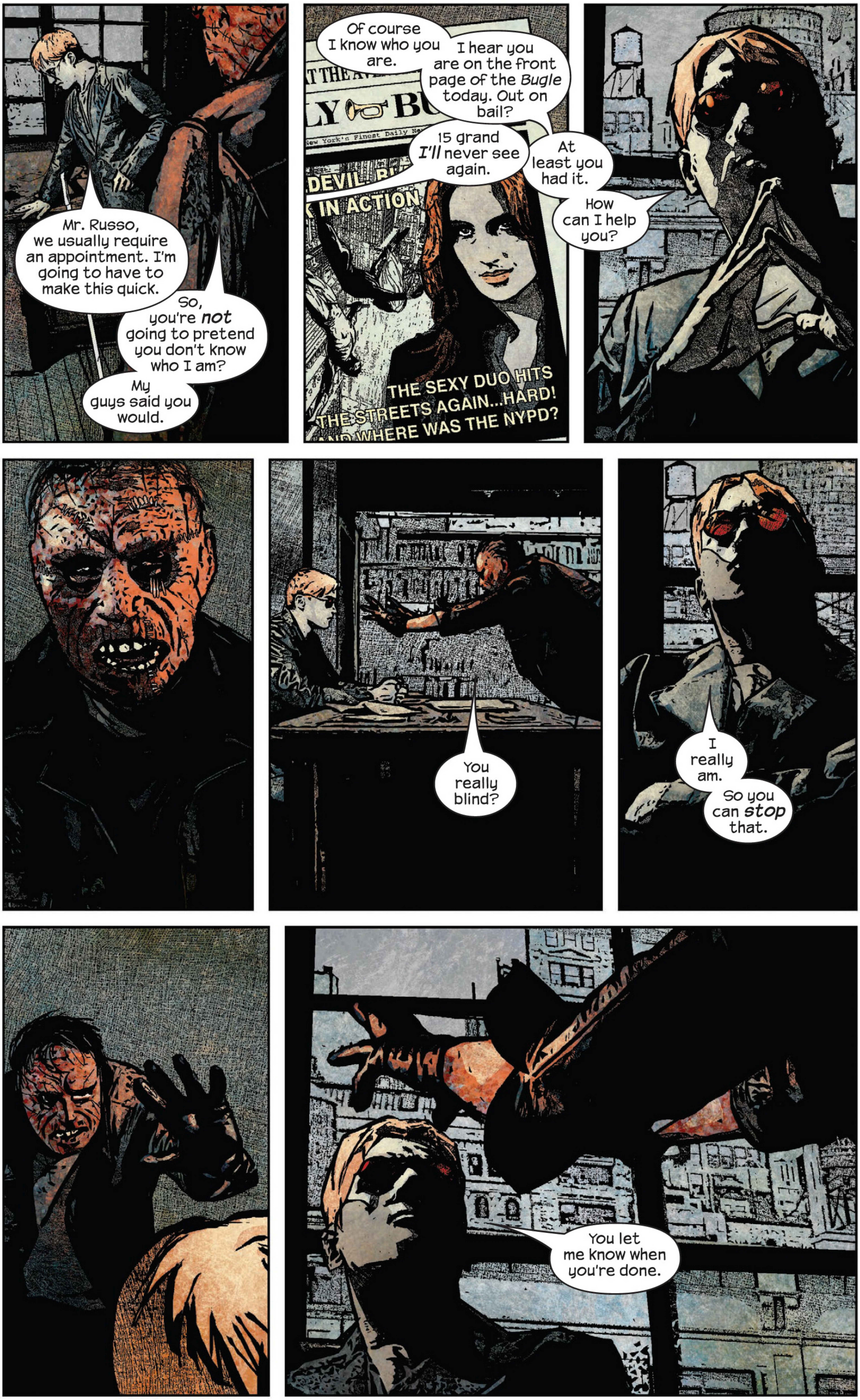
Wait...
What?
Things-- My life is complicated right now.
No, it's not.
Natasha--
Matthew...
Just-just hold that thought.
KALICK KALACK

ORIGINAL
FILED
DISTRICT COURT
MANHATTAN, NEW YORK
CASE NO.
DEPT NO.
D311371
MILLA DONOVAN
Plaintiff,
vs.
MATTHEW MURDOCK
Defendant
COMPLAINT FOR ANNULMENT
Marital consent was obtained by fraud.
MILLA DONOVA
Plaint

You coming back?
Are you *mad* at me?
No.
You want to talk about it?
It's late.
It is.
Tomorrow. You'll buy me lunch.
Why do *I* have to buy?
'Cause that's how it works.
I didn't know that.
Good night, Matthew.
Good night, Daredevil.

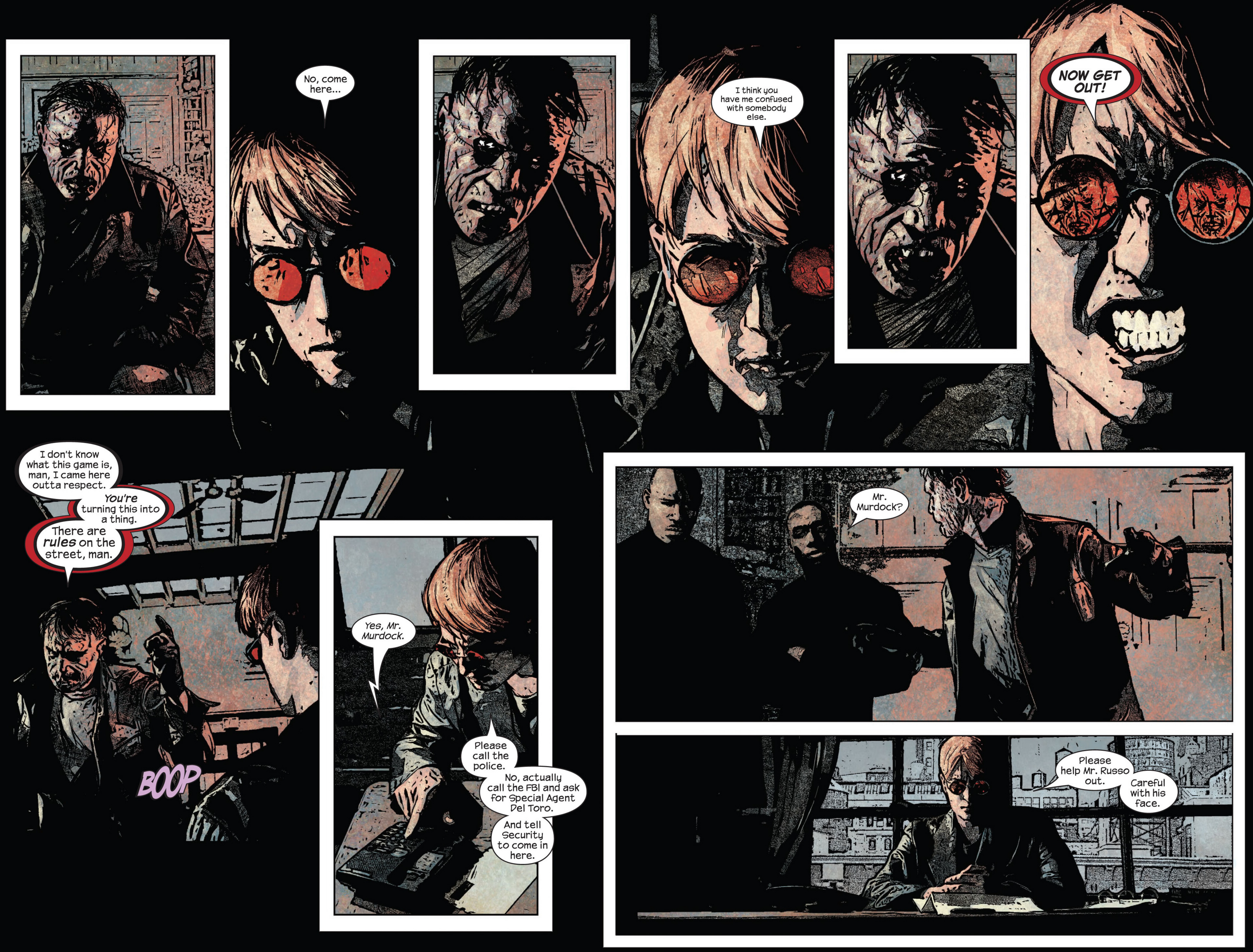

Nelson and Murdock Attorneys at Law
So this is a nice "how do you do"?
How so, Foggy?
When were you going to tell me Natasha was back in town?
DAILY BUGLE
Natasha is back--
Yeah, yeah. So?
So what?
You know...
Out with it.
No, *you* know. I never know. You know.
You know.
Franklin, we're not in high school. That kind of--
I love it when you call me Franklin; it's so Irish Catholic of you.
That's a big "no" then? No on the nookie?
That is a no.
Wow, that doesn't sound like her at all.
No, it sounds like me.
Yes, it does.
If by *you*, you mean it sounds crazy nuts.
I'm married.
I'm *married.*
But the person you are married to...
...isn't married to you.
Still love her.
And I don't need Milla to love me...to love her.
That is what I learned last night.
How about that?
Wow...
You might want to tell her that then.
Now you tell-- uh-oh.

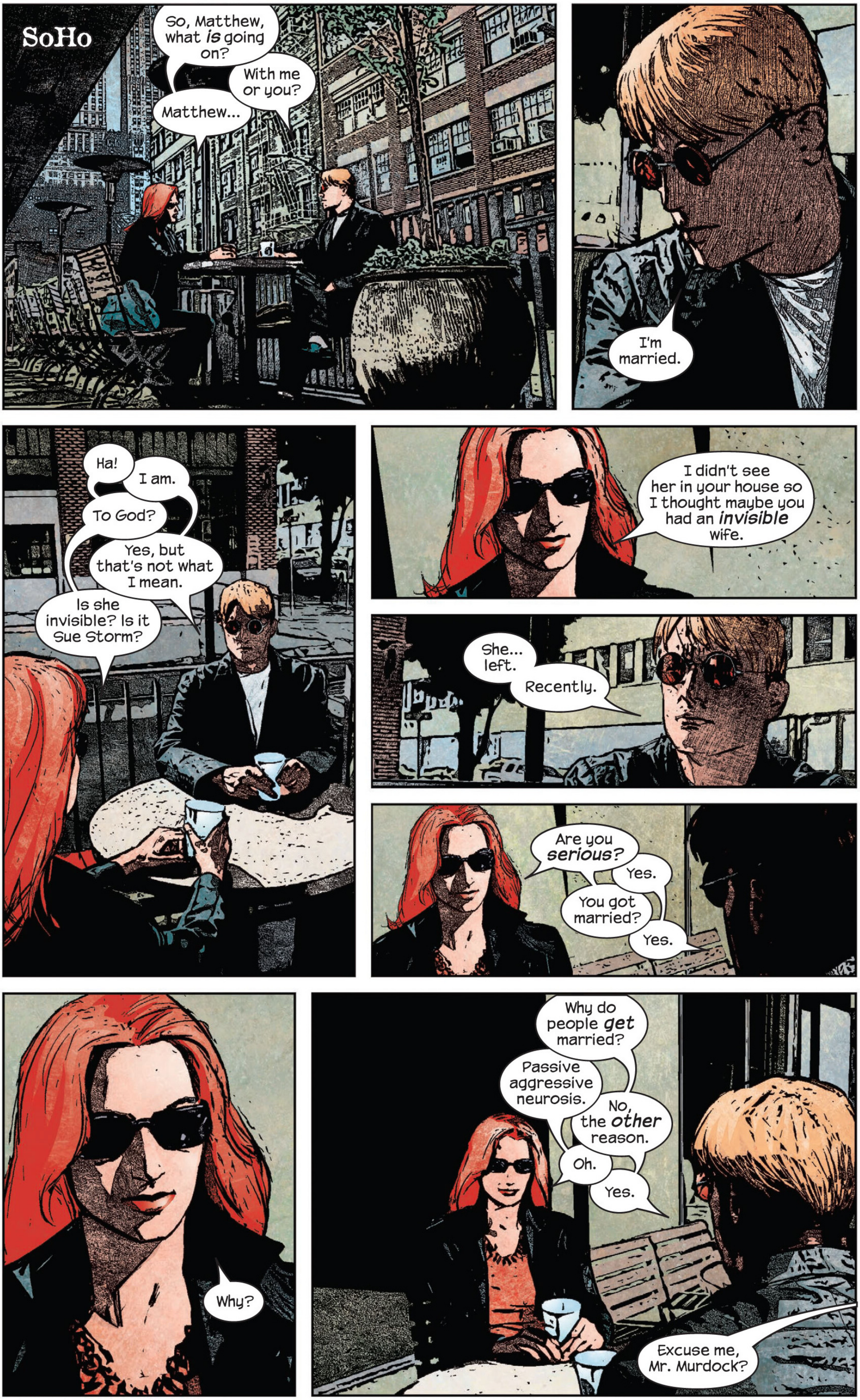

Yakuza!?!
Settle down.
No more Yakuza!!
It's not. Get it together.
Should I call the police?
No. Maybe. No.
Go to your office.
If you hear anything that sounds like me being killed...go ahead and call whomever you want.
Oh man! Oh man!! What's going on?
You need to settle down.
Mr. Murdock? There's a Billy Russo here to see you. He doesn't have an appointment.
Send him in.


Mr. Russo, we usually require an appointment. I'm going to have to make this quick.
So, you're *not* going to pretend you don't know who I am?
My guys said you would.
Of course I know who you are.
I hear you are on the front page of the *Bugle* today. Out on bail?
15 grand *I'll* never see again.
At least you had it.
How can I help you?
LY BU
New York's Finest Daily New
DEVIL
IN ACTION
THE SEXY DUO HITS THE STREETS AGAIN...HARD! AND WHERE WAS THE NYPD?
You really blind?
I really am.
So you can *stop* that.
You let me know when you're done.

You know...it's kinda nice to be in a room with a blind man.
Can't see my face. I like it.
You know how this happened? This face of mine.
I can't see it, so...
But you know they call me...Jigsaw.
Yes.
Because Frank Castle, The Punisher, threw me through a plate-glass window.
Face first.
Glass was a thick, bulletproof type.
Unbreakable.
So you can imagine how **hard** he threw me into it if it broke...
And carved me up like this.
Supposedly.
Are you looking to file suit against this Mr. Castle?
Take?
I just want to know what it will take.
To be in the Murdock business.

I'm sorry, Mr. Russo.
We're not taking on any more clients at this time.
Okay, then how does this go?
I'm sorry?
How do you want to work this?
I'm confused as to what exactly we're talking about.
Clearly last night, I stepped on your territory.
I thought I was far enough away from this crap neighborhood of yours so's I can do what I gotta do.
But still you and that broad got in my face.
I ain't lookin' for a turf war. I ain't lookin' for anything to do with what you're doing here.
So, I'm here asking, what will it *take* to be in business with you?
You're the Kingpin now...fine. Respect.
Wilson Fisk used to take his cut--
Used to need a *heads-up* before anything went down.
Needed to give the thing a thumbs-up go-ahead.
Okay.
So...I should'a come to you first.
So, what do I gotta do to do what *I* gotta do?
Come here...


No, come here...
I think you have me confused with somebody else.
NOW GET OUT!
I don't know what this game is, man, I came here outta respect.
You're turning this into a thing.
There are *rules* on the street, man.
BOOP
Yes, Mr. Murdock.
Please call the police.
No, actually call the FBI and ask for Special Agent Del Toro.
And tell Security to come in here.
Mr. Murdock?
Please help Mr. Russo out.
Careful with his face.


SoHo
So, Matthew, what *is* going on?
With me or you?
Matthew...
I'm married.
Ha!
I am.
To God?
Yes, but that's not what I mean.
Is she invisible? Is it Sue Storm?
I didn't see her in your house so I thought maybe you had an *invisible* wife.
She... left.
Recently.
Are you *serious?*
Yes.
You got married?
Yes.
Why?
Why do people *get* married?
Passive aggressive neurosis.
No, the *other* reason.
Oh.
Yes.
Excuse me, Mr. Murdock?

I'm sorry to bother you while you're eating and all--I just wanted to shake your *hand.*
My brother and I--we work at the new library and we *know* that it wouldn't even exist without you.
That's very nice, but--
I don't care *what* they say about you in the paper. And-and a *lot* of people I know feel the same.
You're an amazing man. Thank you.
Just-- thank you.
And ma'am, you're very lucky... he's a keeper.
Oh, I know.
So.
Where did she *go?* This wife of yours.
Away from here.
Which brings me to my next point.
Why are *you* here?
Why are you here... *really?*
Okay, all right...
It's, well, it's a whole thing, really. I was in London and--
Oh no...
What?
Gun-powder.
Where?
Across the street. Two blocks.
Do you know what kind--?
No, the woman behind me is doused in perfume and it's screwing up my radar. I can't--
Let's go.
No! If we move they might open fire and shoot wild.
I can get moving pretty--
I'm not worried about you, I'm worried about the people *around* us.
How many are--
Down!!

ARKING
OPEN